

moment with fixed and mysterious attention on objects which, under other circumstances she would have regarded with indifference. Did you imagine that on us she glared reproachfully?"

"I had at the time such a thought, I confess. The little show of sorrow which followed her death did not remove it. Then the hate with which she was hurried to the grave.

"We have been so steeped in sorrow that the ordinary indications of suffering are exhausted. Each new calamity comes on us as a matter of course. That death, which all three coveted, should have come to one we could not honestly deplore, and were therefore silent. That my mother's funeral followed quickly after her decease, was but in conformity with the usages of our country.—When the spirit is fled, it is with us deemed folly to debase the inanimate clay from its kindred earth."

Mary felt in a great degree satisfied with these explanations, which she failed not to convey to Wilms, and to all who thought fit to remark on the strangers or their doings. But another melancholy scene was at hand. The father, though from him the cry of anguish was seldom heard, missed the companion of his youth, the joy of his manhood, and the mother of his children. If he sorrowed not that she was called from life, he felt his own loneliness the more. He daily stole to her grave, and there alternately looking on the sod which veiled his ancient partner from his view, and the sky above, while he rejoiced that her misery had reached its termination, his own was most acutely felt, and his often repeated cry was—
"My heart is in the grave."

Such a continuance of grief was too much for his strength. He could no longer take nourishment. Silent and pensive, he looked more like an artificial imitation of humanity than humanity itself. He presented the awful spectacle of life reduced to mere breathing.

Gradually wasting, in less than three weeks after the death of his wife, he ceased to live. The change was marked by no fearful struggle—by no piercing cry, by no agonizing convulsions. Life seemed calmly to retreat from the incumbering flesh, and consciousness sunk benumbed and crushed beneath the pressure of recollections.

The survivor rendered the last duties to his father, and owned that his death was a removal from suffering for which he had fervently prayed, believing it to be not within the range of things possible, that to a mind so disturbed, anything short of death could bring repose.

"That," Wilms remarked, "was all very well for him to say; but there were those who believed, that when three persons were implicated in some horrible outrage, it might be no bad thing for the survivor of them that his two accomplices were removed, so that they could never reveal to mortal ear the secret of their common guilt."
(To be continued.)

A WESTERN ADVENTURE.

The Mississippi River used to be infested with bands of hostile savages, or white frontiers, who, exiled from civil society, adopted the odious calling of preying upon their fellow men. And many a dark and bloody deed of piracy has been committed on those banks, which will never be revealed. Judge Hall, in his sketches of the West, gives the following interesting description of an incident which took place on the Mississippi upwards of sixty years ago—

"In the spring of 1757, a barge belonging to Mr. Beausoliel had started from New Orleans, richly laden with merchandise, for St. Louis. As she approached the Cottonwood creek, a breeze sprang up and bore them swiftly by. This the robbers perceived, and immediately dispatched a company of men up the river for the purpose of heading. The manoeuvre was effected in the course of two days at an island. The barge had just put ashore—the robbers boarded and ordered the crew to return down. The men were disarmed and guards were stationed in every part of the vessel, and she was soon under way. Mr. Beausoliel gave himself up to despair. He had spent all he possessed in the purchase of the barge and its cargo, and now, that he was to be deprived of them all, he was in agony.

This vessel would have shared the fate of many others that had preceded it, but for the heroic daring of a negro, who was one of the crew. Cacassotte, the negro, was a man rather under the ordinary height, very slender in person, but of uncommon strength and activity. The color of his skin and the curl of his hair alone told that he was a negro, for the peculiar characteristics of his race had given place in him, to what might be termed beauty. His forehead was finely moulded, his eyes small and sparkling as those of a serpent, his nose aquiline, his lips of a proper thickness; in fact the whole appearance of the man joined to his known character for shrewdness and courage, seemed to indicate, that, under better circumstances, he might have shown conspicuous in the history of nations. Cacassotte, as soon as the robbers had taken possession of the barge, began to make every demonstration of uncontrollable joy. He danced, sang, laughed, and soon induced his captors to believe that they had liberated him from irksome slavery, and that his actions were ebullitions of pleasure. His constant attention to their smallest wants and wishes, too, won their confidence, and whilst they kept a watchful eye on the other prisoners, they permitted him to roam through the vessel unmolested and unwatched. This was the state of things that the negro desired; he seized the first opportunity to speak to Mr. Beausoliel, and beg permission to rid him of the dangerous intruders. He hid his plan before his master, who after a great deal of hesitation acceded to it. Cacassotte then spoke to two of the crew likewise negroes, and engaged them in the conspiracy. Cacassotte was cook, and it was agreed between him and his fellow conspirators, that the signal for dinner should be the signal for action. The hour of dinner at length arrived. The robbers assembled in considerable numbers on deck, and stationed themselves at the bow and stern, and along the sides to prevent any rising of the men. Cacassotte went among them with the most unconcerned look and demeanor imaginable. As soon as he perceived that his comrades had taken the stations he had assigned them, he took his position at the bow of the boat, near one of the robbers, a stout herculean man who was armed cap-a-pie. Everything being arranged to his satisfaction, Cacassotte gave the preconcerted signal, and immediately the robber near him was struggling in the waters. With the speed of lightning he went from one robber, to another, and in less than three minutes he had thrown fourteen of them overboard. Then seizing an oar, he struck on the head those who attempted to save themselves by grappling the running boards, then shot with the muskets that had been dropped on the deck, those who swam away. In the meantime the other conspirators were not idle, but did almost as much execution as their leader. The deck was soon cleared, and the

robbers that remained below were too few in number to offer any resistance.

Having got rid of his troublesome visitors, Mr. Beausoliel deemed it prudent to return to New Orleans. This he accordingly did, taking care when he arrived near the Cottonwood creek, to keep the opposite side of the river. He reached New Orleans, and gave an account of his capture and liberation to the Governor, who thereupon issued an order, that the boats bound for St. Louis in the following spring, should all go in company, to afford mutual assistance in case of necessity. Spring came, and ten keel-boats, each provided with swivels, and their respective crews well armed, took their departure from New Orleans, determined, if possible, to destroy the nest of robbers. When they neared the Cottonwood creek, the foremost boat perceived several men near the mouth among the trees. The anchor was dropped, and she waited until the other boats should come up. In a few moments they appeared, and a consultation was held, in which it was determined that a sufficient number of men should remain on board, while the others proceeded on shore to attack the robbers. The boats were rowed to shore in a line, and those appointed for that purpose landed and began to search the island in quest of the robbers, but in vain! They had disappeared. Three or four flat boats were found in a bend of the creek, laden with all kinds of valuable merchandise—the fruits of their depredations. A long low hut was discovered—the dwelling of the robbers—in which were stored away numerous cases of guns, destined for the fur trade, ammunition and provisions of all kinds. The greater part of these things were put on board the boats, and restored to their respective owners at St. Louis.

This proceeding had the effect of dispersing the robbers, for they were never after heard of. The arrival of the ten barges together, at St. Louis, was an unusual spectacle, and the year 1778 has ever since been called the year of the ten boats."

MISCELLANEOUS EXTRACTS.

A YANKEE STORY.—A Yankee pedler, on his way to the west with a two horse wagon load of notions, put up at the house of an honest Dutchman, between Harrisburgh and Wheeling, and as it happened was detained there three or four days by a heavy rain, which made the roads and streams impassable. At last the sky brightened up and the Yankee hitched to, but when the reckoning came to be paid, which was ten dollars, Jonathan requested the host to score it until he returned from his voyage, promising very honestly to discharge it then.

This did not suit the Dutchman, however, who insisted on the cash, which was reluctantly paid him. It was then a custom as it is now, to treat a traveller on the payment of his bill, and the tavern keeper was never backward in following the custom. But on handing out a mug of clear cider, Jonathan then remarked shrewdly it would make fine wine, and said he had a secret by which through a short process, he could convert cider into the best of wine. This put Myrheer on the nettles, possess it he must, so finally he took up the Yankee upon the offer of putting the cider into process of wine making for ten dollars down, and fifty dollars more when he returned, if it succeeded to the landlord's mind—Jonathan was accordingly conducted to the cellar, and having procured a half inch augur, bored a hole in one end of the hogshead of cider, and directed Myrheer to apply his thumb to it while he bored a like hole in the other end and then ordered him to stretch his other arm so as to cover that also. Having thus got the unsuspecting Dutchman into business, he directed him to remain so until he cut two spigots for holes, and walking out to his wagon jumped in and was off leaving the credulous friend to make wine of his cider the best way he could, and to get back his ten dollars when he caught him.

THE LAST FIGHT.—Bill Stumps threatened to thrash Tom Handy. Tom was a steambot pilot, heard of it, and seeing a crowd gathered one day at the settlement where Stumps lived, Handy rounded to his boat, tied it to a tree and went ashore.

"Bill Stumps," exclaimed Handy, coming directly to the business in hand, "you want to thrash me don't you?"

"Why, no, Tom, no! I know on—you hain't done me nothin' particular as I know on."

"Well, Bill, if you don't want to whip me, I feel just like whipping you, and I'll give one dollar, and the tu first lick if you'll stand up to me."

"I'll do it boss!" exclaimed Bill, stripping for the fight. Two stalwart fellows were selected for seconds, or to see fair play. Tom paid over to Bill his dollar, and stood up. Bill drew off and popped Tom in the eye, knocking him down. Tom rose up and stood like an honest man for the other lick. Bill popped him in the other eye, with the same effect; but no sooner had he done so than he sung out "nuff! nuff! take him off? take him off!" The seconds, as in duty bound, caught Tom and held him fast; the fight was ended; one party had cried enough.

Tom Handy went on board the "Snorter" with two banged eyes, and with a lesson of wisdom that lasted him as long as he lived. He never offered a premium to fight after that.

TALE TELLING.—Never repeat a story unless you are positively certain that it is correct, and even not then, unless something is to be gained, either of interest to yourself, or for the good of the person concerned. Telling is a mean and wicked practice, and he who indulges in it, grows more fond of it in proportion as he is successful. If you have no good to say of your neighbour, never reproach his character by telling that which is false. He who tells you the faults of others, intends to tell others of your faults, and so the dish of news is handed from one to another, until the tale becomes enormous. A story never loses anything, is wisely remarked; but on the contrary gains in proportion as it is repeated by those who have not a very strict regard for the truth. Truly, "the tongue is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison."

A BILL OF PARTICULARS.—The following is a bill of items lately introduced in the trial of a breach of promise case before a court in New Hampshire, by the fair plaintiff. It may serve as a model for some of our fair readers who purpose introducing similar suits against their faithless lovers:

MR. ELIPHALET	To Miss JENILAR	Dr.
To dancing three cotillions, on first acquaintance,		\$15 00.
To value of three sighs and one dream that night		250 00
To thinking of the color of his eyes one day at Church,		488 00
To going to the races, after refusing six other beaux		525 00
To cutting three fine fellows to please him		93 00
To making a watch chain		120 00
To cost of materials for making same—six bits		75 00
To five romps and two flirtations		244 00
To tearing down and bursting a stocking in said romps		7 31
To one kiss stolen		124 00
To allow him to kiss my cheek ten times without flinching, \$11 each		110 00
To a long walk by moonlight, including sentiment ost		270 00
To thirty blushes when he popped the question		600 00
To my heart alas!		1 00

BARKING.—Talking of barking, two gentlemen, the other day at a public table, got into a vehement dispute upon a subject on which it was quite evident that both were profoundly ignorant. A big bull-dog, which had been quietly sleeping on the hearth, became roused by their violence, and began barking furiously. An old gentleman who had been quietly sipping his wine while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue you brute. You know no more about it than they do." The laugh of the whole table was turned immediately upon the noisy brawlers.

A SNAKE STORY.—An old Deacon in Yankee land, once told us a good story. He was standing one day beside a frog pond—we have his word for it—and saw a large garter snake make an attack upon an enormous bull frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog to be on a par with his snakeship, caught him by the tail and both commenced swallowing one another, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them!

PAT AT THE POST OFFICE.—The following colloquy actually took place at an Eastern Post Office:—

Pat.—I say, Mr. Post-Master, is there any litter for me?
P. M.—Who are you, my good sir?
Pat.—I'm myself, that's who I am.
P. M.—Well, but what is your name, sir?
Pat.—O niver mind the name.
P. M.—I must have your name, sir.
Pat.—An' what do you want with the name?
P. M.—So that I can find your letter, if there is one.
Pat.—Well, Mary Burns, that if you must have it.
P. M.—No, sir, there is none for Mary Burns.
Pat.—Is there no way to get in there except through this pane of glass?
P. M.—No, sir.
Pat.—Well for you there isn't. I'd tache ye better manners than to insist upon a gentleman's name but you did n't get it afther all, so I'm aven with you.

AN OCCURRENCE IN ONE OF OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.—The teacher, a young lady, put the question to her scholars, "Who made you?" The oldest boy in school could not tell, neither could any of the scholars, till she questioned the smallest and youngest urchin in school. He answered promptly, that God made him. The teacher, turning to the oldest boy said, "are you not ashamed not to know what this little fellow knows?"

"He," replied the "big un," "Thunder! I should think he might know; 'aint a fortnight since he was made."

In a certain town not more than fifty miles from Boston, as the clergyman was holding forth in his usual drowsy manner, one of his aged hearers, probably influenced by the narcotic qualities of the discourse, fell into a doze. The preacher happened to use the words, "What is the price of all earthly pleasure?" the good old man, who kept a small store, thinking the enquiry respected some kind of merchandise, immediately answered, "Seven and sixpence a dozen, sir, in cash, or eight shillings in barter."

A LONG LINE.—This descriptive stanza is in the hexameter style, and was written by the celebrated physician of Timicum. It is in reply to a question, where did you get that shad, eh?

I caught this shad with a silver hook—
With a silver hook I caught it—
Or in other words, I had the stuff,
And went over to the market, and after trying in several places to find a good one, at last succeeded. I put my hand into my pocket, and took out a quarter, (how it ever got there was another question) and bought it.

James I, of England went out of his way to hear a noted preacher. The clergyman seeing the king enter, left his text to declaim against swearing, for which the king was notorious. When done, James thanked him for his sermon; but asked him what connection swearing had with his text. He answered, "Since your majesty came out of your way through curiosity to meet me, I could not in complaisance, do less than go out of mine to meet you."

"If I were so unlucky," said an officer, "as to have a stupid son, I would certainly, by all means, make him a parson." A clergyman who was in his company, replied, "You think differently, sir, from your father."

A Man by the name of Philo, who was married to a lady, named Sophy, observed, that uniting his name with the lady's, put him in possession of Philosophy.